

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy
thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of God.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XL

OCTOBER, 1931

No. 4

Publication Office

49 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass. Monthly, except August: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange,
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at Boston, Mass.

"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

WHEN WE LEARN TO LIVE TOGETHER

How true it is that "life has been given us that we may learn how to live". How to live as individuals having relationships with others and with the unseen and Eternal Life of the World Order. To so live as to ensure health, prosperity, progress and happiness for each and for all.

As the transition is made from the arts of war to those of peace, the emphasis is shifting from the ideals of independence to those of interdependence. The ideals and challenges of interdependence are more exacting and mean more to mankind than those of independence. As life becomes more complicated and diversified, personal freedom will more and more be interpreted in terms of social justice and well-being. We must now learn "to see and live life steadily, and see and live life whole".

It is impossible to accomplish much or get far in this vast undertaking without having some great and all-commanding purpose by which to steer our course, and a philosophy of that purpose, such as is set forth supremely in the faith, life and teachings of the humble Nazarene. Running all through the gospel of Christ, like a theme running through a musical composition, there occurs, only to reoccur with ever deepening intensity, the theme of our interdependence, based upon our interrelationships, human and divine.

Whatever else we ought to expect the Christian faith to do for us we must demand that it does for us at least three things. First: The faith that man is a child of the living God ought and does make human life sacred. Second: This faith ought and does

make human relationships sacred. Third: This faith ought and does make human conduct, the fruitage of faith, sacred. We do not have to read far into the New Testament to find many illustrations in the parables, discourses and examples of Jesus to prove that human life, human relationships and human conduct meant much to the Master.

These three-fold expressions of his faith were all summed up in the two commandments of love to God and man; in how one should worship and obey God, how one should judge and treat and serve another, how one can injure another in thoughts, words and deeds. According to Jesus for a man to injure or wrong anyone it were better that a millstone be hanged about his neck and he be cast into the sea. "I came not to be ministered unto but to minister." "He who would be greatest among you, let him be servant of all." Paul left the inspiration of this gospel of love and service in his great chapter on faith, hope and love, and elsewhere when he said, "Love worketh no ill to one's neighbor, therefore love is the fulfillment of the law." It is true as the poet sings,

"There is a destiny that makes us brothers;

None goes his way alone;

All that we send into the lives of others

Comes back into our own."

There is a mystery and a majesty about

this gospel of our interdependence, based upon our interrelationships human and divine, that we cannot get away from and that will not let us go. We simply cannot get away from this faith and its obligations and compulsions in our lives any more than the child could get away from his home and parents. The late Dr. Burton, at the time

President of Smith College, speaking of how closely human lives are interwoven, told this charming story about his eight-year-old son.

One evening the little fellow ran to him and said,—"Papa, I don't see why I must stay at home all the time and do what you and mama tell me to do. Why can't I go out into the city and do what I want to do?"

Dr. Burton while surprised and amused, being a wise educator as well as a fond parent, thought it best to encourage the lad and see what would come of it. So he said to him,—"Well, neither do I quite understand why you must stay here and do what your mama and I tell you to do. If you like you may go out into the city this very night and do what you want to do. Here is my pocket book with some money in it that you may need."

The child, while showing signs of astonishment, took his father at his word. He ran upstairs, put some things into his small traveling bag and came back carrying it in one hand, his hat in the other and with his overcoat over his arm. As he approached his father he said nothing, but looked up into his face with his round, wide-open eyes full of unanswered questions.

Finally, his father remarked, "Why, don't you want to go out into the city and do just what you want to do and not stay here all the time and do what your papa and mama tell you to do?" Still there was the look of unanswered questions in those wide-open eyes, and even when the question was repeated there was no response. After another silence a slight moisture appeared in his eyes and tears were about to fall; only then did he speak and relieve his pent-up feelings. And this is what he said,—"Papa, I want to take mama with me."

Our Christian faith, and our experience and knowledge growing out of this faith, reveal and establish for us our relationships to God and to each other. In this Christian gospel of our interdependence, based upon our interrelationships human and divine, as nowhere else, we find our vision and our task and we may be sure that the power of our faith will make our strength equal to our task: It is always so.

This gospel explains why we are bound together by such sacred, strong and insoluble ties of kinship and friendship; it gives us a working philosophy of the Christian faith itself and furnishes us with a practical program for everyday living. This gospel helps us "to see and live life steadily

and to see and live life whole", and also saves us from a meaningless and hopeless existence.

Learning to live is the greatest art in the world and its sublimest lessons are written out for us in the gospel of Christ. This is a gospel of faith in God that makes human life, human relationships and human conduct sacred. When we become more proficient in this great art of learning how to live as individuals and as nations we shall discover for ourselves the hidden treasures that transcend human understanding, we shall find our approach to the deepest and most abiding realities of life and likewise ours shall also be its divine compensations and undefiled rewards.

As an architect looks well to the laws of heat and cold and moisture and stress and strain in the work of construction, we have to do the same in character building. In doing so we have found that the same fundamental laws and principles that apply to individuals apply equally to communities and to nations.

The individual is the unit of power and influence in the world of mankind. Social life is individual life written large. National life is individual life written larger. International life is individual life written still larger. The Golden Rule, truth, justice, fidelity, love, peace, good will, and service are just as indispensable in the conduct and affairs of nations as they are indispensable in the conduct and affairs of individuals.

—Frederick W. Smith in *Christian Register*.

PEACE

There is a peace that cometh after sorrow
Of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled;

A peace that looked not upon tomorrow,
But calmly on a tempest that is stilled.
A peace that lives not now in joy's excesses,
Nor in the happy life of love secure;
But in the unerring strength the heart
possesses

Of conflicts won while learning to endure.
A peace there is in sacrifice secluded,
A life subdued, from will and passion free.
'Tis not the peace that over Eden brooded
But that which triumphed in Gethsemane.

—Selected.

"I used to play the piano a lot, but since the children came I don't have time."
"Children are a comfort, aren't they?"

—Pearson's.

EDUCATING FOR PEACE

Very few children, girls as well as boys, reach the age of five without having, again and again in natural play, enacted scenes of war and battle. This is all very harmless if identification with warlike activities passes as a stage of development. The trouble is that often, instead of passing, it becomes stronger after the child goes to school and is influenced by standards of society. Profound respect for the soldiers who have fought our nation's battles is, of course, right. But giving our former soldiers all honor is not incompatible with the conviction that they made enormous sacrifices that, in a world sanely conducted, would not have been necessary—sacrifices the like of which need not be demanded again if enough people will put on their thinking caps.

At one period I was almost distraught when my two boys and little girl seemed possessed to organize soldier troops in the backyard. Every time I saw an American army mercilessly and gleefully slaughtering a German, I longed to give them a sermon on the horror of doing in reality what they were doing in play. But I knew preaching would do no good. Probably the wisest plan in such a case is to make no objection, but to offer something else as pleasurable dramatic. One father I read of helped his sons and some neighbor children in dramatizing Byrd's expedition to the South Pole. Started unpretentiously, the project grew until it was quite an elaborate pageant, quite as dramatic as life in the trenches.

Some parents — mothers especially — are distressed when their children show interest in firearms. One mother I knew never allowed her boy to have a gun. Even a toy pistol he secured at four years of age was torn from him with the serious admonition never to touch those "horrible things that kill people." But this little four-year-old never connected his little pistol with killing people. He liked it because it made a grand noise. After his mother's tirade, he had greater insight into wicked uses of arms mingled with a desire to taste forbidden fruit. Of all children I know he has now, at 13, the greatest desire to use guns to kill. Another mother in the same village never protested against legitimate use of firearms. Her children had all the fun of handling guns and of learning about the evolution of different types of weapons, but they were

profoundly influenced by their mother's suggestion that the world ought to outgrow its stupid habit of using weapons to settle difficulties that could be better settled by brain power.

World consciousness, friendly feeling toward other peoples, should be developed in children also. A boy's or a girl's reading is a great factor in arousing universal goodwill. Youth of today is fortunate in having available much splendid literature on life in other countries. Through such diversified reading, a boy or a girl catches the spirit of life in parts of the world which otherwise would seem strange and alien. The right reading will create a feeling of friendliness with other races. Nobody wants to go to war against his friend.

As the child grows older he should begin to understand the causes of warfare and just what kind of difficulties must be adjusted before there can be national stability. Although almost without exception students of political problems hold that the underlying causes of war are economic, the average high school pupil hears far too little about such causes. I have examined a large number of history tests and find in the majority no adequate treatment of the international scramble for seaports, security in trade, control of mineral deposits and other economic advantages. That in modern times this scramble, if uncontrolled, leads periodically to wars is a principle every schoolboy and girl could and should understand. Too many of our boys and girls can name battles and outline the strategy of wars without catching a glimpse of the mighty economic conflicts that caused them and may cause them again. Family discussions of world conditions are always a help to the school child in acquiring this basic understanding.

Just as important as the causes of war are the results of war. In a well-known encyclopedia for children and young people there is a pictorial chart that gives, in the clearest form I have ever seen, a conception of the cost of the World War. After one boy in the eighth grade had studied this chart for hours, he remarked, "Why don't people see that they can't gain half as much by going into any war as they would by staying out?"

To many of us it seems that the parent who encourages such thinking in the home will be sure of fulfilling a patriotic duty in giving the world a citizen who can decide things for himself.—*Parents' Magazine.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When writing to the Exchange for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Blair Kilby of Haltwood, Pa., writes that both she and her husband have been ill all summer. She would appreciate sewing material and reading.

2. Mrs. Hattie Hartsog of Whitetop, Va., would like some salt or sugar sacks for linings for her quilts. The linings of her quilts are worn very badly.

3. I would be glad of an A B C chart for my little girl, as we are so far away from school that we can't start her to school this fall. I would appreciate reading for myself, writes Mrs. Cassie Hawn of Chelsea, Okla., R. 3.

4. Mrs. Flossie Schools, Newtown, Va., asks for some books for a sick lady to read. She is a very dear friend of Mrs. Schools and is very anxious for some books of fiction.

5. I want to thank the CHEERFUL LETTER friends for their kindness the past two years. I am making a scrap book of pictures sent to the children. I certainly would appreciate some pieces of cretonne to finish my

quilt. Mrs. Bernard Wallace, R. 1, Box 95B, Glasgow, Va.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Nerva Brown, from Big Spring, Texas, to Big Spring, Tenn., R. 2.

Mrs. Ella Simmons, from Malakoff, Texas, to Kerens, Texas, R. 1, c/o A. H. Collens.

Mrs. Walter Hurley, from Christiana, Penn., R. F. D. 2, to Colora, Md.

Mrs. Sarah F. Stanley, from Willis Branch, to Minden, W. Va.

Mrs. Mertie Powers, from Tuckerdale, N. C., to Brandon, N. C.

Mrs. Grace Hayes, from Weldona, Colo., to Watsonville, Calif.

Mrs. J. L. Brooks, from Marlow, Okla., to Bray, Okla.

Mrs. Emma Plowman, from Rockwell, N. C., to Mt. Croghan, S. C.

Mrs. Dewey Duncan, from Big Sandy, W. Va., to Martinsville, Va.

For courage mounteth with occasion.

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT

Miss Ethel Hodges, of Copeland, Ark., is now Mrs. H. G. Reid, of the same address.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE RECIPE?

We will be glad to print, from time to time, recipes which have been tested by our readers and found especially good. What is your favorite recipe? Wouldn't you like to pass it along to others? If so, send it in. Address your letter to Favorite Recipe Dept., THE CHEERFUL LETTER, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE CANNA

The canna, once restricted to tropical regions, is now a familiar plant in the garden, hardy border, among shrubbery, or in formal beds on the lawns of every New England village. It is grown partly for its deep green or dark bronze foliage, and partly for its showy red or yellow flowers.

According to a Burmese legend, the red flowers of the canna sprang from the blood of Buddha. His brother-in-law, the evil-minded Dewadat, jealous of the power and fame of his relative, ascended a high hill, from the top of which he rolled down a huge stone intended to destroy Buddha as he passed by. But the boulder burst into a thousand pieces and only one small fragment wounded Buddha's toe and drew a few drops of blood, which gave origin to the Indian canna.

A renowned physician, Zawaku, healed the great teacher's wound in a single day. As for Dewadat, the earth soon afterward opened and swallowed him up.

In Burma the round, hard, black seeds of the canna are used for the beads of rosaries.

Thirty years ago the canna, *Canna indica*, was a tall plant with few leaves and small late-blooming flowers. Their improvement has been extraordinarily rapid, and today few realize what a magnificent display a bed of the best sorts presents continuously from June until October. Improved varieties have been produced which are only two to four feet tall, have smaller leaves and much larger flowers with splendid colors.

In tropical America—the cannas are natives of Mexico, Central America, the West Indies and Brazil—they are humming-bird flowers, or are pollinated by humming-

birds, as is indicated by their brilliant red and crimson hues, their large size and abundant nectar secreted at the base of the corolla. The common Indian canna has been seen to be pollinated by humming-birds in South America, and by nectar-birds in South Africa, but a part of the species are frequently visited by bumblebees and a white-flowered species in Colombia, with a corolla tube 3 inches long, may be adapted to hawk-moths.

At first glance one might suppose that the canna blossom did not differ from any other large red flower, but it is a very peculiar blossom, quite unlike our New England flowers, and may prove exceedingly puzzling to the amateur observer. One can but wonder how such an unusual flower was developed.

There are three small green sepals, and three long narrow tubular petals, but the beauty, size and grandeur of the canna flower is due to four transformed stamens, which have become so petal-like that they are often called petals, but to botanists they are known as staminodia.

Only one stamen is left and this has become partially petal-like, with a coiled apex. On one side it has half an anther, the other half having wholly disappeared. The foliaceous style is stigmatic at its tip and along one edge for a short distance. Thus the stamens have almost lost their own role and have assumed that of the petals.

In most species of this group the pollen is shed before the flower opens and adheres to the leaf-like style just below the stigma. As the pollen mass usually touches the edge of the stigma, the flowers are often highly self-fertile. When covered with netting to exclude all agents in pollination, they produce abundant seed.

The Indian canna is also called Indian shot, from the round, shining, hard, heavy, black seeds. It would seem as though such seeds would be impervious to water and would never germinate; but its surface is covered with tiny depressions at the bottom of which there are stomata or little mouths. These stomata lead to minute canals which pass through the hard seed coats and thus water penetrates to the embryo.

The rootstocks of several species are farinaceous and are used as a vegetable. In the West Indies starch is produced from the roots of *Canna edulis*, which is largely cultivated.—*John H. Lovell, in Boston Globe.*

GRENFELL'S MISSION BUILDS CHARACTER

"Any fellow starting out in life should take a character-building course in Dr. Grenfell's mission. To my mind it is just as important as a college degree. One gains an entirely different outlook in life and an entirely new philosophy because of the close contact with people who haven't all the resources of civilization; people who haven't been helped by its advantages or hindered by its disadvantages.

"For the first time in our lives we have been meeting during these past few weeks people who are forced to take life as it actually is, with its sorrows, its joys and its ills. We have been where a man has to get along and make his fortune with a gun and a broken-down motorboat, where youngsters become men at the age of 14 and assume mature responsibilities, going out on their trapping 'paths' to be gone a month at a time.

"Up there, instead of being able to go to the store for fish, one has to take a jigger and go out to spear his own supply, which take on additional flavor from the labor entailed. Up there, even conversations mean something instead of the old hackneyed phrases with which we greet and bore each other in the states. Folks see each other so seldom that conversations mean something. Words are too precious to be wasted."

All employees of the Grenfell Association are requested not to discuss the work of the mission and so, except to praise the accomplishments of some of their personnel, the two boys said little about the work accomplished. Carrington admitted he had shipped as a seaman on the launch *Marvel*, which acts as a seagoing ambulance among the various Grenfell stations established on the island only to be put ashore at Indian Head to paint a hospital, while Taylor was sent to haul firewood out of the woods for the long winter.

The two young men told many interesting stories concerning the trappers and fishermen they encountered and the naive way they look up to all things American. Taylor stated that Lindbergh had never been heard of by many in that land where 11 knots an hour is considered much too fast for safe travel. Others were very much interested in American ways of living and wanted to know, among other things, if it was true that American trains always moved at 90 miles an hour. Still another trapper

inquired in all seriousness if American trains went underground, and how it was possible for them to do it.

Although in honor bound not to mention *Ilor* and Carrington had other tales of this the work of the Grenfell Association, *Tayland* where icebergs float unmelting in the summer breezes—tales which fired the blood of these two college men brought up in luxury; tales of men who dared and fought, and at times died.

Most of Labrador folk are superstitious and believe in dreams. One of them told how he prepared for death after dreaming for three successive nights that he was chased by a polar bear. On the morning of the fourth day this man, while crossing a river miles away from the nearest trapper's tilt, found himself in the midst of a breaking ice pack. He had only one chance in a thousand of saving his life, and that was by grabbing a sapling that overhung the river bank and pulling himself hand-over-hand to safety. He took that chance and saved himself.

Probably the most dramatic tale of all concerns "John Brown," who with brothers and brothers-in-law started late in the fall to make a trip to Newfoundland on board the schooner commanded by his father, its scuppers awash with a load of fish. Weather conditions were bad and they were advised not to make the trip, but they decided to take the chance.

They had not gone very far before a storm broke and forced them to run for shelter. They tried to reach a nearby island, but the force of the gale flung the boat back on to a reef. Gigantic waves breaking over the wrecked ship cracked the lifeboats like eggshells. More waves followed. The ship was breaking up fast.

Still these men did not despair. They managed to construct a raft and in one of the momentary lulls got it overboard. The tiny raft pitched and tossed and proved so unwieldy that there was no way of controlling its progress. Then an unusually heavy sea broke over it and the lashings parted. The raft was split in two. Through the mist of the storm Brown saw the half that contained his father and several brothers drift away.

The other half of the raft continued to float, although threatening to come apart at any instant. Only the island separated them from the open sea. If they made this island they would be safe, for there was a government lighthouse on it where food and shelter

awaited them. But they were slowly being taken in the opposite direction. Then somebody had a happy idea. They ripped a plank from the floor of the raft and setting it upright as a sail, managed to reach an island reef. They were saved.

Fifteen minutes later the other half of the raft came into sight. On it Brown saw his father and his brothers. Right by the island they sailed and the rescued were powerless to help them, for there were no boats and none could swim. Brown stood there watching, and presently—they were gone from view.

"Brown is a broken man today. Doctors have told him he must take it easy if he wants to live, but he laughs at them and tells them he's going to work until he drops. Says it's easier that way. It keeps him from thinking."

(From the story told by Malcolm Taylor and Stanley Carrington to Lowell Ames Norris, a Boston newspaper man.)

WHO HAS NOT LOVED A MOUNTAIN

Who has not loved a mountain,
He has not known a friend,
To stand with him,
In hand with him,
Until his journey's end.

Who has not loved a mountain,
Its purple brooding calm,
The height of it,
The might of it,
Its hemlock-fingered balm.

Its cool sweet evening breath of fern,
Across a fevered day,
The kindness,
That bends to bless,
The toiling valley way.

Its promise on the morning skies,
Of sunlit trails untrod,
Each crest-blown fir,
Stars touched astir,
That whispers high with God.

Who has not loved a mountain,
He has not known a friend,
To share with him,
And bear with him,
Until his journey's end. —Clipped.

IN THE FOREST

Would you lift up your thoughts?

Would you fling to the coming years a jeweled rope of fancy, and break down the barriers bloodless precedent has built, and so stretch out your hands to grasp life's prizes?

Go, then, into the forest.

Walk down the shadowy cathedral aisles built by the trunks of towering trees;

Regard the miracle of beauty reaching year by year closer to the stars;

Revel in the sun-splashed silence, unbroken save for a bird's sweet minstrelsy like links of silver lightly dropped into a bowl of jade;

And realize that, with the babble of men and the turmoil of towns gone from you, you are at last alone with the Great Spirit. Then will come to you mystic and mighty visitors, magic artists to paint upon the canvas of your mind ultimate truth.

Then will you behold a vision of the thoughts and deeds by which men come closer to the everlasting altars.

In such a place, at such a time, if menaced by despair, you will see, far down the dim and ancient corridor, a gleam of that hope-star which once rode always in its meridian for you.

Or, if heart-sick from seeing men mad for wealth, perceive that there are times when all the gold of mart and counting-room is as nothing compared to the glory of some once-beloved woman's hair;

Or, if debased by ugliness of thought, cleanse all your soul with the memory of a summer wind that robbed the rose;

Or, bankrupt of ideas, wield again Romance's gorgeous lance with which in younger days you made a radiant play.

Thus, coming out from that green-tapestried domain, the closest of all earthly dominions to the throne of heaven, you will stand forth a Greatheart unafraid,—

For in the immemorial calm of this temple not made with hands, you, inevitably spurning the littleness of life, enter into the company of the high gods whose conquering and shining weapon is Imagination, whose impregnable armor is Resoluteness of Soul.

(By courtesy of American Forestry Association)

James Hay, Jr.

"Now look here; I'll have you understand that no woman ever made a fool of me!"
"Well, who did it then?"—*Stray Stories.*

Life's shadows are meeting Eternity's day.

FREAK ADDRESSES IN UNCLE SAM'S MAIL BAG

For six years the Post-Office Department has carried on a campaign to induce the public to direct mail legibly to the street and number of its destination and to place a return address on all letters and parcels. Mail bearing incomplete or illegible addresses constitutes one of the main difficulties the post office encounters in rendering service.

Since the inauguration of the campaign, six years ago, the general postal receipts have increased approximately 44 per cent, while the receipts of the Dead-Letter Office (accruing from the 3-cent fee charged for returning mail to senders) have increased only 33 1/3 per cent. This indicates that the department has made progress in its efforts to induce greater care on the part of the public. The Dead-Letter Office acts as a kind of barometer, registering the response of mailers to the requests of the post office.

According to postal records the chief offenders against the rule regarding return address are business firms that advertise by circulars. There seems to be a belief among circularizers that a return address on a letter of this type amounts to a one-way ticket to the wastebasket. It is the opinion of the post office that a letter arriving by first-class mail will be opened regardless of the return address printed on it. It is also observed that the firms sending out advertising material have no way of checking their mail lists unless their undelivered mail is returned.

Besides business mail of this variety, parcels and private letters go in swarms to the Dead-Letter Office. This office was established in 1865, but prior to 1860 no complete record was kept of its transactions. Such statistics as are available show that in 1830 some 380,000 letters were turned over. In 1859, when the Senate requested that the Postmaster General's annual report should include a statement of the number of dead letters received, the number reported was two and one-half million. From that time, various measures, including legislation, were used to decrease the amount of undeliverable mail.

The number of dead letters received and disposed of in the last fiscal year totaled 24,056,928, an increase of more than two million over the preceding year.

Visitors to the Dead-Letter Office exhibits in New York city often wonder at the carelessness of senders. The undeliverable mail

for one day in New York and the New England states fills twelve bags.

The dead letters are opened by machine and distributed to a group of clerks called selectors, whose duty it is rapidly to inspect the contents for clews. Those that contain neither return addresses nor anything of intrinsic value are sold as waste paper. Those containing enclosures are passed on to clerks who record the contents and data for use in case the sender later submits a claim. Letters containing address information are given to clerks who enclose them in official envelopes and dispatch them to the indicated address.

The long experience of clerks saves many a letter from the wastebasket. One freak address that is still fresh in the memories of the officials of the New York dead-letter office reads as follows:

"Hill,
R.,
Mass."

The correct reading, it was at length decided, was "R. Underhill, Andover, Mass."

Some weeks ago a \$500-bill arrived at the New York post office in a dead letter. When the letter was opened the addresses of both sender and addressee were found within and the letter was delivered. Many dead letters come from foreign countries. These almost invariably bear the name of a city, sometimes a street number, without indicating the state. Letters addressed to Slippery Rocke, U. S. A.; Phoenicia, America; Broadway, Italian America; Suet Fallers (for Sioux Falls); Preckness Dairy, U. S. A.; Grotto Ave.; Pete, B. Y. (for Providence, R. I.); Barber Ship, New York, and a letter with four different addresses on its face—all these came to the selector's desk on the same day recently. A postcard was addressed: "Repairing and Refinishing Neatly Done, North America." Frequently foreigners mistake the advertising on a postcard for the address; sometimes they will copy every bit of printed matter on a card except the address.

Two Liberty Loan bonds, uncanceled and therefore as good as cash, were found a short time ago in inadequately addressed envelopes. One of the bonds was for \$1,000 and the other for \$500.

Letters to Santa Claus begin to arrive early; but mail to this elusive personage presents no serious problem. Letters to Santa Claus are all deliverable. Around Christmas time the post office receives many requests from charitable organizations and

from individuals asking that Santa Claus communications be forwarded to them. If the applicants can satisfy the post office that they mean to use the letters in the cause of charity they are permitted to have them. The Santa Claus Association, devoted to the care of needy children, takes charge of many such missives each year.

Letters manifestly the product of idle hands are speedily disposed of. One of this kind arrived recently. It was addressed to "Mr. Nobody, Nowhere, U. S. A." It came from Berlin, Germany.

—*New York Times.*

THE MAKING OF FRIENDS

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered and nobody helped us along,
If each every minute looked after himself and good things all went to the strong,
If nobody cared just a little for you, and nobody thought about me,
And we stood all alone to the battle of life, what a dreary old world it would be!
If there were no such a thing as a flag in the sky as a symbol of comradeship here,
If we lived as the animals live in the woods, with nothing held sacred or dear,
And selfishness ruled as from birth to the end, and never a neighbor had we,
And never we gave to another in need, what a dreary old world it would be!
Oh, if we were rich as the richest on earth and strong as the strongest that lives,
Yet never we knew the delight and the charm of the smile which the other man gives,
If kindness were never a part of ourselves, though we owned all the land we could see,
And friendship meant nothing at all to us here, what a dreary old world it would be!
Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made and the things which in common we share;
We want to live on not because of ourselves, but because of the people who care;
It's giving and doing for somebody else—on that all life's splendid depends,
And the joy of this world, when you've summed it all up, is found in the making of friends.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

Thou has put gladness in my heart.

If God thy inmost thought and being share,
The universe becomes thy book of prayer.

"ROMANCE IN A REALIST WORLD"

Romance—Aesthetics
versus
The Commonplace

I know a woman with a secondary education who has managed to keep a sense of romance through ten years of heavy responsibility, and a particularly galling type of poverty. She has done it by deliberately cultivating mental interests. Every fall she chooses a new field for study. She reads nothing very technical, of course; but fortunately many books of genuine worth are now written for such as she. In these ten years she has acquired a better education than many a college graduate ever gets, but that is not the main point. Instead of a grim misery, those years have been meaningful. Instead of troubles, she has had problems; instead of dullness, enthusiasm. I think she even slightly begrudges the hours she must spend asleep. She hadn't one chance in ten thousand for physical adventure; but this other type, which is just as real and more lasting, was no farther away than the public library; and no more costly than the fines she occasionally has to pay. Mental adventure has hitherto been the special possession of scholars. It need not be.

The same is true of the æsthetic activity, which is another way of redeeming the commonplace. No artist, whether musician, dancer, or painter, ever found life dull. He may have found it ugly and hateful, but not simply boring. The tendency for people in general, however, has been to leave the æsthetic activity to artists. A worse mistake was never made. Only painters can set a picture on canvas, and only musicians can set sound into meaningful patterns on the keyboard; but anyone with eyes and ears and a free imagination can learn to have the æsthetic experience! And that is a sure redemption of the commonplace.—*Avis D. Carlson in Harper's Magazine.*

Resolved, to live with all my might while I do live; Resolved, never to lose one moment of time, but improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can; Resolved, never to do anything which I should despise or think meanly of in another; Resolved, never to do anything out of revenge; Resolved, never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE DISAGREEABLE CROW

All the other birds in the wood were careful not to fly past the tree where the Disagreeable Crow had his nest. But he did not mind that. "Peace and Privacy", he said to himself, "these are the two things a bird of my age most wants." And if a frightened thrush so much as said "Good-morning" to him as they flew past one another, he would turn and croak fiercely instead of saying "Good-morning" politely in return.

Little Sam Starling had known all about the Disagreeable Crow ever since he had feathers. Once, when his feathers were only soft spines pricking through his skin, he had piped cheekily back to his mother, and Mrs. Starling had pecked him smartly and said, "Don't speak like that to anybody or you will get disliked, like Mr. Disagreeable Crow."

"Why?" Sam asked.

"Because cheeky children grow into rude grown-ups. Remember that now." And she pecked him again.

But Sam didn't always remember. All starlings are somehow inclined to be cheeky (listen to them squabbling on the lawn in the early morning if you don't believe me), and Mrs. Starling used to wonder sadly what would happen to her son in the end, he was so extremely rude.

Then came the night of the Great Storm. An enormous wind got up and rushed through the forest and swayed the tops of the trees about as if they were broomsticks. The branch that the Starlings' nest was on swayed up and down as though it were a ship. Sam Starling rolled about between his father and mother all night, and wished sometimes that he were a seagull, for seagulls are more used to that sort of thing.

When morning came and everything had died down, Mr. Starling went out for a little fly, just to see what the wind had done. When he came back he looked very solemn. "Sam," he said, "just take a look at the Disagreeable Crow."

When Sam got to the big tree where the Disagreeable Crow had his nest, he saw a lot of sticks and things lying about on the ground. A sad black figure sat hunched up on the bough where the nest had once been. Sam perched on a bush near by and piped out "Where's your nest, Mr. Crow?"

"It's gone. The wind blew it to bits. And

nobody will help me to pick up the pieces either."

"I should think not!" screamed Mrs. Jenny Wren. "Why, when I called to ask where one of my last-year's babies that had flown out of the nest had got to, he said he didn't know and didn't care either!" Then she deliberately picked up one of the best twigs and flew with it toward her own nest.

Sam swung himself up and down on the bush a little, while he thought. He thought, "Maybe when I'm old and rude, I'll get my nest blown down, and nobody will help me to pick it up. Nobody at all." Then he thought again. "But if I help the Disagreeable Crow now, I expect there's almost sure to be some little bird who will help me. Perhaps, anyhow." And he fluttered off the bush and began picking up sticks as hard as he could.

The Disagreeable Crow watched him surprisedly a few minutes. Then he began to take the sticks from Sam one by one and to lay them crosswise against the bough of the tree. They worked very hard till lunch-time, and at last there was some sort of a nest for the Disagreeable Crow to get into.

"Much obliged," he said, hoarsely, for it was years and years since he had been polite.

"Not at all." Sam was so surprised, he nearly dropped the last stick. Then he flew home to tell his mother.

—*The Christian Register.*

A FLOWER CLOCK

In his English garden, a Cheltenham watchmaker has made a large floral clock which is not only strange and beautiful, but which keeps accurate time. Metal hour and minute hands are attached to the operating base in the center. Flowers form the numerals of the clock's face, and other small flowers represent the minutes.

BEING A FRIEND

To have a friend you must be a friend,

My mother says that's true;

And a friend is nice to have around

When a fellow's sick or blue.

At work or play, you need a friend,

So I think I'll try to be

The sort of friend that I would want

My friends to be to me.

—*Daisy D. Stephenson.*

SUGGESTIONS WELCOMED

The Editor will be glad to receive suggestions from our readers as to any way in which we may make the Page for the Children even more interesting for our little friends. Mothers! Do your children enjoy the stories each month? What kind do they like best? Would you like to tell us some bright sayings of the little ones? Send them in, and we may be able to find room for them in a future issue.

It is good to have a friend, and to be loved by a loving and true friend; but it is better to be a friend, and to be loving and true as a friend. Loving is ever better than being loved, as giving is ever greater gain than getting.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE DIVINE OFFICE OF THE KITCHEN

"God walks among the pots and pipkins"
—*St. Teresa*

Lord of the pots and pipkins, since I have not time to be

A saint by doing things and vigiling with Thee,

By watching the twilight dawn and storming Heaven's gates

Make me a saint by getting meals and washing up the plates.

Lord of the pots and pipkins, please, I offer Thee for souls,

The tiresomeness of tea leaves and the sticky porridge bowls!

Remind me of the things I need, not just to save the stairs,

But so that I may perfectly lay tables into prayers.

Accept my roughened hands because I made them so for Thee;

Pretend my dish-mop is a bow which heavenly harmony

Makes on a fiddle frying-pan; it is so hard to clean,

And, oh, so horrid! Hear, dear Lord, the music that I mean.

Although I must have Martha's hands, I have a Mary mind.

And when I black the boots, I try Thy sandals, Lord, to find;

I think of how they trod our earth, what time I scrub the floor,—

Accept this meditation when I haven't time for more.

Vespers and compline come to pass by washing supper things,

And, mostly, I am very tired, and all the heart that sings

About the morning's work is gone, before me, into bed,

Lend me, dear Lord, Thy tireless heart, to work in me instead.

My matins are said overnight to praise and bless Thy name

Beforehand for tomorrow's work, which will be just the same;

So that it seems I go to bed still in my working dress.

Lord, make Thy Cinderella soon a heavenly Princess.

Warm all the kitchen with Thy love and light it with Thy peace.

Forgive the worrying and make the grumbling words to cease.

Lord, who laid breakfast on the shore, forgive the world which saith,

"Can any good thing come to God out of poor Nazareth?"

—*Cecily Hallack.*

WORDS OF WISDOM

Though Dallas Lore Sharp is gone, his words still ring out to designate the pathway Americans should take. In one of his last books, *Sanctuary, Sanctuary*, he wrote: "Stop killing and start creating. Stop cutting and start planting. Stop wasting and start saving. . . . Whoever pollutes a stream poisons a people, no matter how many wheels the water turns, how many mouths the mill may feed. . . . For every stick of timber cut, a seedling can be planted. And even if, in the wise future, we can declare the open season on certain forms and in certain places, every thoughtful sportsman knows that today, should the shooting he desires for himself be claimed by all, it would make a wild-life morgue of America before the pup he is training has been broken to gun. . . . In every schoolroom up and down the land . . . let talk about birds and beasts and flowers and trees be started, let tramps afield be taken, and so, in every schoolchild's heart let love be planted, till knowledge of conservation be next to reading, writing and arithmetic, and love of Nature next to love of God and neighbor. That for the future."—*Nature Magazine.*

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

BEES RADIO EQUIPPED

The bodies of bees are equipped with "natural wireless sets" with which they communicate with their hives, says Dr. Leuenberger, Swiss scientist. He contends that between the two last rings of the bee's stomach a brilliant, humid light appears whenever the insect wishes to communicate back home and report his discovery of a new source of nectar. This light, the scientist claims, is different in every hive. Incidentally, Dr. Leuenberger points out that as much as 50 years ago naturalists discovered that bees possess a perfume gland, that the perfume differs in every hive and that each hive has its own wavelength.

"Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife."

"Well, don't come near me for sympathy. I knew something like that would happen to you hanging around the house five nights a week."—*Brown Jug.*

TREK OF CHIMNEY SWIFTS

Until the forests of the Amazon valley have been thoroughly explored, the mystery of where chimney swifts spend their winters may remain a mystery. Starting south from the United States about the first of October, the swifts journey to the Gulf states and continue to some point much farther south. They have been seen in Haiti and Mexico, but they do not stop there. Identification tags have been placed on more than 30,000 swifts, and though many have been caught inside the United States none has been caught outside the national boundaries. Some ornithologists think they winter in the Rain forest of the Amazon River in Brazil. Their mysterious winter disappearance led to a legend that they hibernated beneath the waters of lakes and marshes, but science scoffs at that idea.

The trouble with the intoxicated motorist is that he is not only full but running over.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, Chairman, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Secretary, Hingham, Mass.

Miss Edith L. Jones, Treasurer, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters containing subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange. Money from the Sunshine Bags is payable to the Treasurer.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Circulating Libraries have been established in isolated communities of twenty-seven States, where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available; also in many schools and colleges in rural and mountain districts. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.